Volume LVI CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 22, 1906 Number 25

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

OBSERVE good faith and justice toward all nations. Cultivate peace and harmony with all. Religion and morality enjoin this conduct. And can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and at no distant period a great nation to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. Who can doubt that in the course of time and things the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages which might be lost by a steady adherence to it? Can it be that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtue? The experiment, at least, is recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature. Thus is it rendered impossible by its vices.

* * * * * *

In offering to you, my countrymen, these counsels of an old and affectionate friend I dare not hope they will make the strong and lasting impression I could wish—that they will control the usual current of the passions or prevent our nation from running the course which has hitherto marked the destiny of nations. But if I may even flatter myself that they may be productive of some partial benefit, some occasional good—that they may now and then recur to moderate the fury of party spirit, to warn against the mischiefs of foreign intrigue, to guard against the impostures of pretended patriotism—this hope will be a full recompense for the solicitude for your welfare by which they have been dictated.—*George Washington in his Farewell Address.*

CONTENTS

The Inner Room—ALTHEA A. OGDEN 445
Notes 445
The Simple Life: A Lost Opportunity 447
From Some Letters 447
THE PULPIT—
The Birth of Abraham Lincoln—JENKIN LLOYD JONES. 448
THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION—
The Fundamental Verities—C. A. O 453
A Dignified and Fruitful Washington Pastorate—HON. DAVID J. BREWER 453
THE WATCH TOWER—
A Charge—MARION MURDOCK 455
THE HOME—
Helps to High Living 455
Upon the Hearth—*Lloyd Mifflin* 455
A Description of George Washington. *From the Military Journal of James Thatcher* 455
THE FIELD—
Foreign Notes—M. E. H 456
Announcements 456

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

SOME POPULAR BOOKS

St. Abigail of the Pines

A NEW STORY BY WILLIAM A. KNIGHT
Author of "The Song of Our Syrian Guest"
Pp. 175. **$1.00**

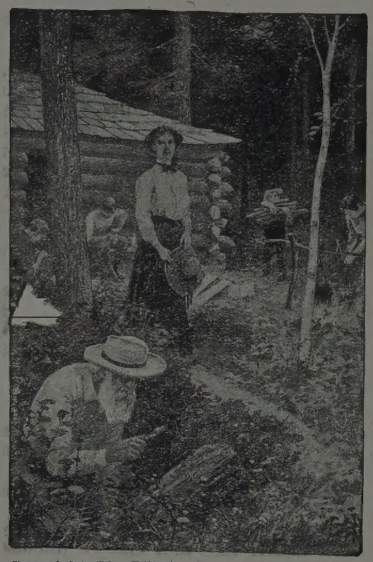
A book to warm the heart of every lover of stirring outdoor life on sea and shore, and which makes its appeal to every man and woman who knows what it is to love. A tale of old New Bedford whaling days, based on historic fact but touching the deeps of human life.

DEAN F. G. PEABODY, of Harvard, who read it in manuscript, says: "It is the real thing. It moves with vivacity, lucidity, pathos. The mastery of seamanship surprises and delights me."

Hobby Camp

By FRANK H. SWEET,
Author of "Rufe and Ruth," "Going into Business," etc.
Pp. 308. **$1.00.**

A story of life in a woodland camp where all had an interesting "hobby," filled not only with interesting incident, but with valuable instruction in natural history.



Copyright, The Pilgrim Press
From "Hobby Camp"

"The Song of Our Syrian Guest"

New Edition in Ooze Leather, **$1.25.**

Over 100,000 copies have been sold of this charming interpretation of the "Shepherd Psalm" in the light of Syrian shepherd life. The illustrated edition, printed in two colors, with stamping in white and gold, is **50 cents** net. Plain cloth and same contents, **35 cents** net. Leatherette and same contents, **25 cents** net. Pamphlet edition, **10 cents.**

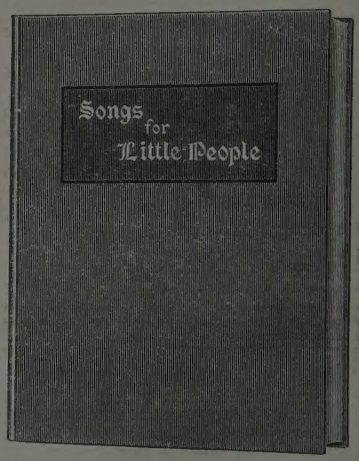
Songs for Little People

A NEW SONG BOOK
BY FRANCES WELD DANIELSON AND GRACE WILBUR CONANT
Price, 60 cents net.

Miss Lucy Wheelock, so well known as a leader in primary and kindergarten work, says of this new song book, "It shows a rare sympathy with the child life and has a fine musical quality."

Send for returnable copy to

THE PILGRIM PRESS
New York Boston Chicago



The Pilgrim Press 175 Wabash Avenue CHICAGO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LVI | THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1906 | NUMBER 25

THE INNER ROOM.

Within my heart there is a room
  I visit every day,—
Sometimes to sing, sometimes to weep,—
  Sometimes I go to pray.

A light "that shines on sea nor land"
  Within this chamber streams
From faces of the dead I love,
  And the children of my dreams.

Few know this little room exists,
  And, selfish though it be,
Its riches rare are known in full
  Only to God and me.

Love holds the clue that leads to it,
  Yet, when the way is trod,
Ofttimes the door is locked and barred:—
  Then I'm alone with God.

ALTHEA A. OGDEN.

The retirement of Doctor Rainsford after twenty-three years of service in New York City suggests the triumph of what is called "institutional work" and the unappreciated strain connected therewith. Dr. Rainsford is but fifty-five years of age, a man of splendid physical endowment, and still it is a case of breakdown. But then he has raised over two million dollars for beneficent purposes, doing larger and better work, perhaps, because the possibilities of seventy years were compacted into fifty-five years. But a man and movement that represents so much wisdom demands still more wisdom.

Our readers, particularly the children members of the UNITY household, will be interested in the reproduction on our advertising page of a letter from a "little school boy" at Ridgefarm, sending the nickel initiation to the Lincoln League. Walter has the honor of being the first child to respond. His name will head the UNITY roll. Seventy-seven nickels represent the first good will of the children of the Abraham Lincoln Centre which were left with the Farm Fund Treasurer last Sunday. Is not this a wholesome interest to cultivate among the children? It will take some time to bring about the consultation with the members of the committee necessary to perfect the program, but as fast as plans are developed they will be reported in the columns of UNITY.

UNITY goes to press before the "fate" of Prof. G. B. Foster is decided by the Baptist ministers of Chicago. A resolution to demand his dismissal is before the house. Meanwhile, one of the brethren discovered last Sunday that Professor Foster represents a "disguised form of Pantheism!" It makes one think of the old charges against Emerson. Possibly, if the sayings of Paul and of Jesus were analyzed by this theologian, they would come in under the same category, for the term is delightfully vague and effectively scary. On Sunday evening, March 28, Professor Foster is to speak at the Abraham Lincoln Centre on "The New Man, The New World, and The New God." It will be a word of reply to his critics, if they do not run him out of town meanwhile.

The *Chicago Tribune* recently discovered a woman busy at work making macaroni for the market on a board by the bedside of a child sick with scarlet fever. It was known that diphtheria had been developed in the same house. The same paper tells of chocolate cream cakes loaded with paraffine, producing all kinds of intestinal troubles; of chili sauce preserved with benzoic acid and colored with analine; of catsup preserved with salicylic acid; of currant jelly made of glucose, plum preserves made of forty per cent glucose and dyed with analine, and the knowing ones talk about the "corroding" beer, for which the friend of the laboring man makes such a valiant battle. And still pure food laws halt in the hand of legislators, state and national, and pure food commissions confuse and confound the public conscience for money considerations.

A New York correspondent, enclosing the annual subscription for twelve readers, writes from Washington:

"We are returning from the National Woman Suffrage Convention at Baltimore. The sessions were of great interest. The reception given in this city to Miss Anthony on the 15th, her eighty-sixth birthday, drew large attention and most appreciative audiences."

How splendidly does time vindicate the prophet, and how the generations atone for the mistakes of the day! During more than half of the long public career of Miss Anthony she was the butt of journalistic ridicule or something worse. Now, without yielding one whit of her high position or withdrawing a line from her main contention, she is doubtless the best known, the most beloved and the most widely honored woman in America. Nay, we will not even use a sex word. Is she not clearly the foremost citizen in the United States today, man or woman? We dare say this with no disrespect to the President of the United States or to Edward Everett Hale, the next in the line of honored citizens.

It is announced that the Marquette Club of Chicago, which heretofore has represented the ancient and honorable republican club, the stalwarts who through

thick and thin have stood by the partisan colors, are about to act on the proposition that will release all the members from any party obligation in municipal affairs. In short, to adopt an independent and non-partisan basis. The president, in an interview published in the *Chicago Tribune,* says: "We believe the club should move along with the times, consequently the plan of making it independent in city politics has come up for our serious consideration. It is apparent that politics in municipal affairs is becoming of less consequence from year to year." This is another hopeful sign of the times; let other clubs go and do likewise. The president puts it mildly. The next partisan club to be heard from through its president will probably have courage to tell the truth, which is that politics in municipal affairs is a perpetual menace to municipal progress and official integrity, and that the club, however respectable, that undertakes to hold its members in party leash, is a foe to civic purity and progress. Let no club that undertakes to maintain party discipline in local affairs expect either the confidence or the respect of the intelligent.

Last week Chicago was visited by Rev. Mr. Burr, of West Newton, Mass.; Mr. Johnson, of the Second Church of Boston, and Mr. and Mrs. Harris, returned missionaries from the Congo Free States. They came on a mission of mercy; they came to arouse public sentiment over the atrocities that are being perpetrated in that far off country under the malign inspirations of commercialism. Each speaker last Sunday spoke three times in three different places, so that there were twelve audiences appealed to. Mrs. Harris was given the fifteen minutes allotted to the devotional exercises at All Souls Church to tell the grewsome story of how lives are bartered for rubber in that much-suffering continent. The story was so grewsome, the evidence so conclusive that a call from the floor led to the appointment of a committee of three to report resolutions and to suggest method of procedure to be presented next Sunday. It is the aim of this agitation to bring such pressure to bear upon the powers at Washington that either the President or congress or both will step in and intercede in the name of humanity. Those wishing further information should send to Congo Reform Association, 710 Tremont Temple, Boston, for copies of Mark Twain's "King Leopold's Soliloquy," and the report of the Commission of Investigation appointed by King Leopold himself. Send thirty-five cents; receive information and advance the cause.

With every return of Washington's birthday the American people have reason to deplore the vandalism of the humorist, the irreverent flippancy of the joker. The punster deadens the tenderer emotions, the keener appreciations, the higher sensibilities as a hot iron sears the physical nerves. The very balance in Washington's nature, which compels the reverence of the thoughtful, has provoked the flippant familiarity of those who yield to this demoralizing tendency to reduce everything to a joke; to sharpen every conversation with a pun; to desecrate the most sacred instincts and passions of life with boarding-house levity and social flippancy. This tendency to measure every saying by its laugh-provoking quality, to make fun of everything, is a blight that penetrates to the very heart of our colleges, threatens the spiritual life of our churches and does not leave untainted the most favored sons and daughters of our day. It is to be feared that this blight is peculiarly American, from whose devastating flippancy the unborn and the mother in heaven are not exempt. Of course the poised life of George Washington lends itself readily to these witlings. As a result, children's minds are defrauded of their ideals by the belittling familiarity of college boys and girls with the "immortal George!" In this line Buster Brown of cartoon notoriety swayed his mighty audience last Sunday by talking of his "Pal, George." Scholarship more than patriotism and religion demands that the punsters and witlings keep hands off George Washington. He who passes through powder smoke undaunted is a hero, but he who can pass through the trials and temptations of a great war with his morals untainted, his sensibilities unblunted, his ambitions still kept in check, is a saint. Such a saint was George Washington, the brightness of whose name should be kept unsullied from the dust raised by the clown in the ring.

The citizens of Concord, Mass., have taken in hand a most notable undertaking,—that of giving the friends of Emerson an opportunity to express their appreciation of the great seer by contributing to the erection of a fitting statue in some suitable place in the town which he rendered illustrious. A circular letter of a committee of seven is at hand, saying that Mr. Henry L. Higginson, of 50 State Street, Boston, has consented to act as treasurer for the committee and that he will acknowledge in the *Boston Transcript* and *Daily Advertiser* all contributions by publication of the *names* of the contributors. They further announce that Mr. Daniel Chester French, in earlier years a neighbor and friend of Mr. Emerson, is to execute the work. Twenty-five thousand dollars is required. Public notice will be given when the full amount is obtained. The committee fittingly say: "No monument in bronze or marble can add anything to his fame, but it seems proper that those who personally knew and loved him, as well as the wide circle of men and women who come within his beneficent influence, should join in some monument expressive of their affectionate veneration." It would seem that the mere mention of this opportunity would bring prompt response from twenty-five thousand different people in the United States, but alas! one who has grown gray in the midst of such ventures knows too well the besetting excuses: "too busy"; "forgot about it"; "too many other claims nearer home"; "we must remember the living"; "I really cannot afford it this year." These are the familiar answers that come,

not from the poor, the wage-earning, the striving one, but is quite as apt to come from the millionaire, the multi-millionaire, whose standing tale of woe is ever at hand when any appeal reaches their ears: "So many demands on me!" "You cannot imagine how many calls there are"! "Every day and almost every hour," etc., etc., etc. Sure enough, poor fellows! And still their fortunes accumulate, and still their millions do not dwindle, and still the joy of life for them is not increased and the light is gradually fading out of their faces. Poor people! Poor all of us! Happy people! Splendid people! who have treasures in the bank that will not break,—the knowledge of Ralph Waldo Emerson, the possession of his priceless pages, and, still better, the knowledge of the contents thereof that is independent of the page. We hope that hundreds of UNITY readers are not too busy or too poor to send Mr. Higginson their dollar or more. We would much rather this editorial should find a thousand one-dollar subscriptions than to reach one one-thousand dollar subscription.

The Simple Life: A Lost Opportunity

Perhaps the most fertile speech ever delivered by President Roosevelt was the one in which he called attention to Charles Wagner's work on "The Simple Life." His introduction to what was then comparatively an unknown work, lifted it at once into the prominence it deserved, raised its sales to the hundred thousands, helped make it a household word and a familiar book through the United States. It was the means of bringing the great Parisian preacher to America and to make him an honored guest at the White House.

Just now it is strangely humiliating to the thoughtful to remember that the opening chapter which, as Mr. Wagner assured his American audiences over and over, suggested the rest of the book. This first introduction is concerned with the painful complexity, the awful exhaustions and the extravagance of time, money and strength involved in a modern wedding; extravagances that when not silly are wicked, and still the very strains reported so graphically in Charles Wagner's little book, have been enacted in the White House to the momentary delectation and the permanent demoralization of the American public. It is all very well to urge the argument that "They all do it," and "you're another"; that "young people will be young people"; that "society is perverse"; that "you cannot stem the tide of conventionalities," but such apologies are not becoming to a man of Theodore Roosevelt's alleged independence, his manifest leadership and his superlative opportunity.

Of course it can be urged that these wedding absurdities and monstrosities are no worse than what the average prosperous citizens indulge in, and that they are not nearly so bad as something worse would be; that the influence of the President was on the side of an amelioration; but all this will not gainsay the sorry fact that here was a lost opportunity: the White House might have offered to the American people and to the gaping social world outside an example in the simple life, a wedding fragrant with democratic modesty, beautiful with the economies and the reverences that become the gospel we profess and the standards we affect.

If sensible men and women all over the country have not found in the fuss, feathers, furore and costliness of the White House and attendant functions reasons for humiliation, grounds for regret and anxiety, it only shows how far down the slope of social dissipation, courtly extravagances and soul-dwarfing complexities we have gone. May the shade of Thomas Jefferson, the departed, and the spirit of Charles Wagner, the living, bring us to our senses.

The case is bad enough as it is; let no one try to extenuate by excuses and concessions. It did set a pernicious pace, establish a bad precedent, offer one more demoralizing example. There were presents accepted, favors granted and concessions made which will increase the embarrassment of thousands in public and private life when they would fain hew to the line of religious sincerity, ethical honesty and social simplicity.

Perhaps ridicule is a more effective remedy than preaching. One of the most brilliant of McCutcheon's cartoons was that which preached on the front page of last Sunday's *Chicago Tribune* (for McCutcheon is a preacher of righteousness and a most efficient one). In this cartoon was displayed the east, west and north view of the bridegroom's wedding costume: his necktie, "one of his shirt studs" and "another shirt stud." His left sock and right shoe were exhibited with the clever suggestion that the opposite sock and shoe could be seen by holding the picture before a mirror.

If we cannot pray such nonsense out of countenance perhaps it is well to try to laugh it out of countenance.

In all this we mean no disrespect to the happy groom and bride. May the solemn joys and holy sanctities of wedlock be theirs in unstinted measure. We are only sorry that the sweetness and sanctity of the sacred occasion should have been so desecrated by vulgar display and prying publicity. In this lost opportunity the happy pair were robbed of something and unnumbered boys and girls, men and women, were injured in the spirit.

For this reason we believe it to be the duty of the pulpit and the press to do what they can to stem the pernicious tide.

From Some Letters

Not all ministers of religion are ordained; there are shepherds of souls who themselves meekly walk in and with the flock. We are permitted to see a letter written by a younger minister of an orthodox church to an older parishioner, a reader of UNITY, who for fellowship and usefulness' sake joined the church, because, first,—

"I can do more good in the church here than I can outside. We have no liberal church unless ours is liberal, and in

fact, deep down, I think it is nearer the Unitarian position than an old fashioned Methodist church. A second reason—my wife is a member and I wanted to go with her. I joined without endorsing the old creed; they took me where I stood, and in all my talks in church I give them clearly to understand my relationship to the church, my firm reliance in character and training spiritually to carry me through; that God is here now creating and working through nature and man as much as he ever did in any period in the history of the universe; that he is in us and of us and a part of us as much as he ever was of any nation under the sun; that as Christ was divine, so we are his brothers and divine. I saw there was talent in our minister, much in him, if he only could be brought into the marvelous light of liberal religion. I had many heart-to-heart talks with him and this kind and appreciative letter is the result. I send it to you that you may know how the yeast is working. We cast our bread upon the waters and there is a sure law in nature that gives us the spiritual increase as certainly as nature gives the farmer his increase from the sown grain. I want you to see how many so-called orthodox ministers are feeling and how they appreciate the work you are doing. You may publish such parts of the letter as you think best, of course suppressing names, so as not to embarrass the writer. May I add, I am in entire sympathy with the teachings of UNITY and enjoy it very much?"

And here follows the minister's letter:

"MY DEAR FRIEND: I am always at a loss to know whether to address you as 'father' or 'brother.' In regard to years you are a father to me, but when I time your thoughts and sympathies, you are a brother. Five long years have passed since I had the delight to serve you as pastor. Five years packed full of the bitter-sweet experiences of life. I have aged in these years. Some of the vagaries of youth have disappeared. I am broader intellectually. I have more patience with men whose thoughts and theories are not in harmony with mine. I am less cocksure in matters of theological controversy. My sermons are not so scolding as they used to be. A sweet charity for all mankind has taken possession of my heart and a divine pity for 'sinners' is the result. I noticed this last night as I sat in my study when the day's work was ended and mused upon the sermons I had preached during the day. In the morning I talked on 'The Ministry of Affliction,' in the evening on 'As One Whom His Mother Comforteth, So Will I Comfort You'—'The Mother-Heart of God' was the theme. I never lack for an audience and I have quite a reputation locally as a preacher. How much I owe to you who in the formation period of my ministry taught me to love Channing, Jesus, Gannett and other brave, good men who were not just what we call orthodox in belief! Pay you? I cannot! Sometime 'when the books are opened' God will tell you what your loving friendship has done for me. In the meantime be content to know that there is a preacher up this way who thinks of you and thanks God for a friendship that does not seem to wane as the years go on. Some day, may be when we do not measure time by days and years, we will sit down in that beautiful city beyond and talk it all over. How long a time it will be I know not. 'Perhaps I'm nearer home today, nearer now than I think.' I am tired of the fret and fever of life. The criticism of my brethren in the ministry who say I am not 'orthodox' hurts me. I want to loose the sandals from my tired feet, lay down my burden and take up my rejoicing amid those who sweetly walked with me a while, but now one by one are taking up their celestial walk with God. And yet, my ministry has been sweet. So many hungry people come to church and God has given me bread to feed them and water to quench their thirst and a benediction to help them on their way. And, I say it humbly, hundreds have felt my heart-throbs and have more faith in man, and a sublimer trust in God. I have tried to be

An arm of aid to the weak,
A friendly hand to the friendless,
Kind words so short to speak,
But when echo is endless—
The world is wide, these things are small,
They may be nothing—but they are all.

I anxiously inquire of every ——— visitor of you. You have been blessed with an active life. But the pilot is not afar off for you. Soon it will be for you

'Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.'

Maybe I ought not to speak like this, but you are too brave to be afraid of that hour. God bless you! Ever your affectionate friend."

THE PULPIT

THE BIRTHPLACE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

A Sermon by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Delivered in the Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, Sunday, February 11, 1906.

[For further particulars of the Lincoln Farm see Collier's Weekly for February 10, 1906.]

Cursed be he that removeth his neighbor's landmark. And all the people shall say, Amen.
—*Deuteronomy xxvii* :17.

My text doubtless had reference to the sanctity of boundary lines. The Romans hedged their landmarks round about with divinity. The sacredness of the god Terminus was enforced both by sentiment and by law. The sanctity of the corner posts established by modern surveys is guarded by common and statutory law. Many an international complication requiring expensive investigations by dignified commissions to obviate war has been concerning boundary lines in recent times.

But the most valuable landmarks are not geographical. History as well as geography has its focal points, its established starting points, from which other relations are reckoned. Civilization has its landmarks, the sanctity of which should be as scrupulously guarded and as religiously cultivated as those from which the surveyor establishes his lines of latitude and longitude.

"Abraham Lincoln Enters 500 acres of Land on a treasury warrant No. 5994 beginning opposite Charles Youngs upper Line on the South Side of the River Running South 200 poles, then up the River for Quantity 11 December, 1782.

"(Signed) DANIEL BOONE."

Thus runs the record in Daniel Boone's field-book. Thus did the great pioneer surveyor indicate the location of the claim of Abraham Lincoln, the grandfather of the great President whose ninety-seventh birthday will be celebrated with peculiar tenderness tomorrow.

There is a record of another survey of land to Abraham Lincoln found in a surveyor's certificate still preserved in the archives of Jefferson county, Kentucky. This and the extract from Daniel Boone's field-book are reproduced in facsimile in the Nicolay and Hay Life of Lincoln. In the second certificate the clerk, though writing a delightfully clear hand, shows himself a poor speller, or he was true to the phonetic requirement, as he reproduces the corrupted pronunciation and spells the name "Linkhorn." This certificate goes on to say that the land is located on a fork of Long Run beginning about two miles up from the mouth of the fork—

"at a Sugar Tree standing in the side of the same marked S D B and extending thence East 300 poles to a Poplar and Sugar Tree North 213 1-3 poles to a Beech and Dogwood West 300 poles to a White Oak and Hickory South 213 1-3 poles to the Beginning. May 7th, 1785.

William Shannon D S Y C
William May S Y C
Ananiah Lincoln and
Josiah Lincoln C C
Abraham Linkhorn—Exd."

I am not concerned this morning with the geographical boundaries of the early Lincoln estate in Kentucky. Subsequent surveyors, many of them ere this, have verified, corrected and established the surveys of Daniel Boone, William Shannon and William May, the pioneer surveyors whose autographs lie back of all the

title deeds of the territory involved. The sugar, beech, dogwood, white oak and hickory trees witnesses have long since disappeared; perchance they were in due time converted into fence rails, ox yokes, doors, floors or furniture of pioneer cabins, but not until they had established the landmarks that remain to this day, and cursed indeed will be he who will undertake to tamper therewith.

I plead rather for the sanctities of the psychical landmarks that help us estimate the progress of mankind, establish the lines of patriotism and morals; the landmarks that are the safeguards of patriotism, the focal points of public spirit and of human and humane interests.

These also have a location in time and space. Poor indeed is the land that has no shrines! Alas for the country that has become indifferent to its sacred places! Shallow and cold is the life of man and woman that has no holy places, no points around which tender traditions gather. Poor is the man that has been robbed of his birthright ownership in its birthplace—it is mother's grace, the scene of his father's noblest triumphs, the spot where love's vows were plighted and where the heart-strings grew taut well nigh to breaking with love's holy griefs. Other people must needs often hold the title to the material fields here represented, but no one can take away from him the intangible title to the spirit wealth they represent. He alone can depreciate that title; he loses it only by his own neglect.

These landmarks of the heart are as valuable to a community and a nation as to individuals. Alas for the city that is careless of its traditions and indifferent to its historic landmarks! And alas for the nation which in its accumulations of wealth and aggregations of power neglects its shrines and is indifferent to the vandalism that visits with contempt or neglect its ancient landmarks!

Up to the present time such a neglected shrine was the spot whereon "the first American," as Lowell called him, first saw the light. Ninety-seven years ago tomorrow in a log cabin buried in the deep western woods of Kentucky Abraham Lincoln was born. It was then far, far away from the centers of wealth and culture. Long before it was reached the western road had narrowed into a bridle path and the bridle path had faded into a foot path, and then the foot path vanished and the pioneer found his way only by the blazed trees and the guiding instincts of the woodsman. Even yet it is three miles away from a railway station and the humble station is sixty miles away from Louisville, the nearest city.

Two years ago I sought and found that shrine, neglected indeed. The cabin was carted away by a showman's enterprise who would fain convert into coin the curiosity and the admiration of the public. The original attraction of the location to the carpenter woodsman, a beautiful and bountiful spring, gave forth sweet water, but the approach to it was rendered into a mud puddle by the feet of the cattle, pigs and horses which alone seemed appreciative of its refreshing waters. The fences were down, the later house, itself now the solitary building left on the place, a disheveled and desolate reminder of what was once the pride of the second generation—a frame building. The very title was in dispute and the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln was "in the courts."

But that neglect is at an end. The United States is to be awakened to an appreciation of this spiritual landmark in the history of its people. Henceforth it is to be guarded and furnished in such ways as may seem most fitting to those who love it because they love the land Abraham Lincoln served and the humanity he honored.

The cry that came from the pulpit of All Souls Church, the plea that appeared in the pages of UNITY, had something to do in suggesting to a responsive mind and generous heart the opportunity it was waiting for. The action of R. J. Collier, of *Collier's Weekly*, New York, in causing this shrine to be rescued from under the auctioneer's "hammer," saving it from further neglect and grosser defamation,—for his most persistent rival bidder was a Kentucky distiller who would desecrate the birthplace of the great abstainer by manufacturing on the premises a Lincoln whiskey. This year let there be birth-day rejoicings all over the land that Mr. Collier has saved one American shrine from further neglect. He has turned the Lincoln birthplace over to the Lincoln Farm Association, a board of twenty men and women, of which Governor Folk, of Missouri, is president,—Cardinal Gibbons, Lyman Gage, Ida M. Tarbell, William Traverse Jerome, William H. Taft, Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain), and the editor of UNITY being of the number. An opportunity will be given every citizen in America to become a member of this Association by the contribution of a sum, not less than twenty-five cents or more than twenty-five dollars. And as soon as plans can be perfected every school child in the United States will be invited to join the Lincoln League by the contribution of a nickel, just a nickel, and no more.

This work of rallying the children into a new order of "Wide Awakes," juvenile successors to the valiant young men who in 1860 carried their torches and gave to the United States its "Savior-President," is entrusted to a special committee of five, consisting of Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain), Henry Watterson of Louisville, Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore, William Traverse Jerome of New York City, and the pastor of All Souls church, Chicago, chairman of the committee.

There is special appropriateness, then, that we should celebrate this, the birthday of Abraham Lincoln, in 1906, by a study of his childhood, his love of children and his claim upon children.

The day has gone by when Abraham Lincoln is to be looked upon as a freak of nature, an anthropological surprise, an unaccountable accident, one in which the law of heredity was tricked and conditions defied. He was no "sport" in nature, but rather the normal fruit plucked from the higher branches of a tree whose roots struck deep into whatever was best and noblest in American history. It drew nourishment from the rich leaf-mould of fertile generations gone before; a tree whose branches whipped free in the fertilizing sunlight of a bracing spiritual climate; a tree made healthy by the air that stimulated thought and quickened hearts.

There is a mythology of ignorance that in the name of realism would cheapen and coarsen the past. The earlier biographers of Lincoln thought they enhanced the story and added to the glory of Abraham Lincoln by belittling his antecedents, by assuming that he was some Melchizedek appearing without father or mother. To persist in refusing to put Lincoln in the light of history, to recognize the results of painstaking and accurate inquiry is in itself an affront to history and an indignity to Lincoln. There must needs be an enlightened and sympathetic understanding of the background of such a life before the foreground can ever be adequately appreciated. All the later biographers

now know that Abraham Lincoln was a child of illustrious ancestry. We now know, what the great President never knew, that the name of Lincoln reaches back through the best of Virginian history; through Pennsylvania thrift and conquest; through Puritan vigor, intellect and piety to the Lincolns who gave their name to the proud shire of England, some of whom overflowed the jail and filled the Guild Hall at Norwich because they would not submit to the dictates of a bishop and some of whom landed in Yarmouth Bay, New England, in 1636, establishing the colony of Hingham. In this colony there were not less than three Thomas Lincolns—the miller, the weaver and the cooper. Three years later came Thomas, the farmer, and Samuel, the weaver, from whom in direct descent came the great Abraham Lincoln. As we follow down the line we find those who built the first smelting furnace on the new continent, who carried the iron business into New Jersey, who built forges in Chester county, Pennsylvania, and whose pioneer energy carried them into Virginia, North Carolina and Kentucky. A Lincoln helped build the Hingham meeting house that has been a beacon to the mariner as well as to the landsman a guide for two hundred years and more; there was a Lincoln in the Boston Tea Party; one of them at least was a captain of artillery in the Revolution; three of them served in its navy; one of them was a graduate of Harvard College, a member of the Continental Congress, an attorney general under Jefferson and a Lieutenant-governor of Massachusetts and was made associate justice of the United States Supreme Court by President Adams; another became governor of Massachusetts and still another a governor of Maine. Thomas Lincoln, the genial carpenter, who at eight years of age narrowly escaped the scalping knife of the Indian who shot his father dead at his side in the backwoods of Kentucky, who acquired a trade, built at least three homes with his own hands, was an adept with the ax and the rifle, a peace-man who could and would whip a bully, a devout man, a hater of slavery in a land of slaves,—was no fool and deserves the honor and respect which becomes one who was father of Abraham Lincoln.

"God bless my mother! All that I am or ever hope to be I owe to her," said the Illinois lawyer to his partner, Herndon, in a confidential mood as the buggy bumped over the rough roads to a far-off court house; and then, writes his partner, "he dropped into a long silence."

There is nothing sadder in American history than, first the contempt and then the indifference that has gathered around the name of Nancy Hanks Lincoln. That dark cloud of obscurity which for many years overhung this bright and gifted woman has been lifted. The world must no longer remain ignorant of or indifferent to the fact that Lincoln had a mother worthy of such a son. In the veins of Nancy Hanks flowed the blood of devout, intelligent, adventurous and heroic people. Whatever is best in the inheritance of Pennsylvania, New York and New England coursed also in the veins of Nancy Hanks. Like her humble husband, her genealogy might be traced across the seas were it necessary to offer any such stilted credentials to the great Commoner who rightly rejoiced in the fact that he, by judgment, by sympathy and by ancestry, belonged to the "common people," which are always the "chosen people of God" as he himself playfully argued. Once at least there came a revelation to him in sleep. He said, "I had a curious dream last night; I dreamed that I said 'The Lord must be partial to the common people because he has made so many of them.'"

Abraham Lincoln had no time to waste in hunting pedigrees. The pride of descent is poor capital for any one. He who wastes time in hunting notable ancestors may well look out lest he find himself in that class which Artemus Ward compared to potatoes because "the best part of them is underground."

But there is joy in doing justice to the dead. Let no one longer pity the great Lincoln because the place of his mother has been written small in history; the little mother who at thirty-five years of age placed her dying hand upon the head of her loving nine-year old boy in the backwoods of Indiana and said, "I AM GOING AWAY FROM YOU, ABE, AND SHALL NOT RETURN. I KNOW THAT YOU WILL BE A GOOD BOY; THAT YOU WILL BE KIND TO SARAH AND YOUR FATHER. I WANT YOU TO LIVE AS I HAVE TAUGHT YOU AND TO LOVE YOUR HEAVENLY FATHER."

The name of Hanks has been traced back across the seas to the time of Alfred the Great. Two brothers of that name received the rights of commoners in Malsbury for service rendered in defeating the Danes, and the name of Atholstane, the grandson of Alfred, is on the deed. Thomas Hanks was a soldier under Cromwell; a grandchild of his landed at Plymouth in 1699, and then comes the descent down through Benjamin and William to John who in Gwynedd, Pa., married the daughter of Sarah Morris and Cadwallader Evans, Welsh-Quakers. The tide that bore onward through Virginia to Kentucky, following the heroic lead of Daniel Boone, carried the Hanks with it, mingling it with the names of Lincoln, Evans and the high names of the Shipley.

"I GIVE AND BEQUEATH TO MY DAUGHTER NANCY ONE HEIFER YEARLING, CALLED PEIDY."

runs the phrase in the will of Joseph Hanks who distributed his estate among his eight children and left the baby, the eighth, little Nancy, five years old, the heiress of "Peidy," the yearling heifer.

Then came the struggle and the training. Said Dr. Graham, a pioneer scientist of Louisville, under oath:

"I know Nancy Hanks to have been virtuous, respectable and of good parentage, and I know Jesse Head, Methodist preacher of Springfield, who performed the ceremony. The house in which the ceremony was performed was a large one for those days. Jesse Head was a noted man—able to own slaves, but did not on principle. At the festival there was bear meat, venison, wild turkey, duck, a sheep that two families barbecued over the coals of wood burned in a pit and covered with green boughs to keep the juices in."

Nancy was an adept at spinning. It was said that her spool yielded "the longest and finest threads." "Stoop-shouldered, thin-breasted, but bright, scintillating, noted for her keen wit and repartee," are the words of one who knew and loved her. Says Miss Tarbell: "The little girl grew up into a sweet-tempered and beautiful woman, the center of all the country merry-making, a famous spinner and housewife." Lincoln himself said, "My earliest recollection of my mother is sitting at her feet with sister, drinking in the tales and legends that were read and related by her."

It is not sentimental pedantry but historical honesty that now insists that Abraham Lincoln was born of favored parents into a home rich in spiritual inheritance. Lincoln rejoiced in a Quaker ancestry, as well he might, for the descent of the Holy Ghost that bloomed in the Emancipation Proclamation came by the underground route, up from below, through forebears rich in integrity and high adventures. The voice

of Lincoln was the voice of God made clear by generations of discipline and high guidance.

The deeds of the martyred President are safe in the hands of history; his public career is already enshrined in the heart of humanity; the benign face of the "Prince of Pardoners" will beam upon the generations to come, so long as art holds the gift of reproduction. But succeeding generations will become less and less able to vitally understand and to sympathetically interpret the character of the pioneers, the indomitable conquerors of nature's wilds and wildernesses, of which he will forever be the great representative, unless before it is too late the testimony of the passing witnesses will be respected and those elusive records be properly preserved and interpreted.

The cowboy and the miner, the trapper and the hunting prospector of the Rocky Mountain states are no successors of the woodsmen who felled the forests and opened the fields of Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois and Wisconsin in the 20's, 30's and 40's. Now the railroad, with its daily mail, its newspaper, telegraph and corrupting frontier saloon, has crested the wave of emigration to the westward with rowdyism, bravado and violence, quite foreign to the "Settlements" of the middle west in the early days. Those "Settlers" built the log house in simple trust and their humble walls echoed feeling prayer and holy summons. The old woods were indeed "temple groves" to those and habitually witnessed the expression of religious feeling and human aspiration which gained intensity from its simplicity; its sincerity made its unsurpliced crudities sublime. The wave of humanity that crept through the forest, across the marshes and over the prairies of these states before mentioned consisted not of adventurers but of home-makers. They did not expect wealth, but they sought the amenities of societies which in the main were deeply enmeshed in the holy sanctities of the fireside. The quality of that life, the temper of those settlements, the happy hopeful life in the clearings, are profound elements in American history which cannot be ignored. I know whereof I speak, for twelve years of my childhood were spent in a log house on the frontier and I know that there was a "civilization" at work in these woods which the pampered children of luxury, the slaves of extravagance of today can never understand. They can never know how neatness, refinement, the subtle love of delicate things, the quick response to the beauty of the flowers, the majesty of the forest, the pathos of the bird note, can and did go with the primitive surroundings of the log house with one room occupied by the little mother with the home-spun dress for week days and a calico gown for Sunday, and the brawny-handed father whose Sunday suit was the blue jeans trousers and the hickory shirt, worn through the week, made immaculately clean perchance by the Saturday night washing, the drying and ironing of the midnight hour. The children of today can little understand how the boys and girls of the primitive school house who sat on puncheon seats, with faces to the wall, huddled in all grades, ranging from the little foreigners tearfully struggling with the English alphabet up to the slip of a girl of eighteen wrestling with the harder problems of Proportion and of Syntax, necessary to the securing of the "certificate" that would make her the school mistress of the adjoining district for the following summer. These boys and girls could and did revel in the delights of poetry, rejoice in flights of oratory, live in the age of Demosthenes, glory in the phrases of Shakespeare and plan for noble careers and high things.

It was into this kind of life that the roots of Abraham Lincoln struck deep; these were the surroundings of the childhood and early youth of the great President.

And the cabin into which Lincoln was born was just the place to nurture great forces. Here mighty powers might well be incubated. For here was solitude, and here was nature, and here was, not poverty in the sense of squalor and want, but simplicity in the sense of few encumbrances and small entanglements. Little Abe was early inducted into the finest lore, the lore of the woods. The raccoon, the otter, the robin and the eagle, the wolf and the bear, the rabbit and the squirrel, the opossum, aye, the good as well as the bad Indian, the noble pioneer as well as the ne'er-do-well wanderer, surrounded that Kentucky home by the spring with that which quickened the imagination and the heart. Even there was an "A B C school" and the names of the masters were gratefully preserved in the memory,—Zachariah Riney, Caleb Hazel. An old schoolmate testified that "Abe was unusually bright at school. He made splendid progress in his studies, learned faster than any of his schoolmates, studied very hard."

This was a one-room cabin, but it was up to the luxuries of the times and the place, and it was big enough to hold ideas, enthusiasms, discussions. Miss Tarbell says that Thomas and Nancy Lincoln were "steeped with the abolition notions of the Rev. Jesse Head, who married them." The little boy heard high talk about "human liberty," "the freedom of conscience" and "the rights of men," as set forth by Thomas Jefferson and Thomas Paine, and this was one of the reasons that led them to break up in Kentucky and to take up the line of march westward, seven days on horseback, until they reached the Ohio river, and then eighteen miles through the deep woods, the road of which had been cut through by Thomas Lincoln a few weeks before when he went to build the cabin and to put into it the household goods which he floated down Knob Creek into and down and across the Ohio river.

Let the children of today cease thinking of all these conditions as the measure of a meager life, a mark of poverty or as an indication of low intelligence, a lack of refinement. The woman who rides on horseback through the woods for seven days toward a new home may be as much of a lady as she who now goes flying over the turnpike and the boulevards in her automobile. A blanket on the leaves may give as sweet and as pure sleep as a berth in a Pullman car. A gourd dipper may hold as refreshing water as the silver goblet; and oak slats and a cornshuck bed, spread with home-made linen, was as refined and refining a bed for the little boy who was put to sleep with the old bed-time stories of the Bible and Aesop as that which the modern child has that is tucked in on hair mattress resting on patent spiral springs by a French nurse.

The property list of Grandpa Lincoln, who fell by the Indian's bullet, contains among its items a flax wheel, a dozen pewter plates, two pewter dishes, a Dutch oven, a currying knife, pot trammels, a turkey-feather bed, candle sticks and steeking irons, whatever that may be. All these represented, not the poverty, but the wealth of that mountaineer's home.

The important thing to remember about the childhood of Lincoln is that he had a reading mother and she taught him not only to read but to love to read; that before they wended their way to Indiana she took little Abe and little sister Sarah by the hands and walked through the woods two miles and a half to kneel on the little grave of her latest born, the little

baby brother, and to talk of heavenly things in such a way that the great President never forgot it.

The boyhood of Abraham Lincoln was the boyhood of manly sports. From eight years upward he had an ax of his own. He helped his father build the cabin; he watched and doubtless helped the father with his own ax and saw, plane and hammer, convert the pine tree into the coffin in which the body of the little mother was laid away under great sycamore trees, the successors of which now make beautiful its resting place, at a point that was thirty-five miles away from a doctor and one hundred and forty miles away from a minister.

Months after it was the hand of little Abe that shaped the letter that three months later brought the good Elder Elkins from the old Kentucky home to say the word of religion over the grave of the woman, beloved in both the old Kentucky home and in the new Indiana settlement. The grass was a year old that grew on her grave when the funeral sermon was preached.

The boy Abraham was great at games; good at wrestling, guessing, and speaking pieces; he used to spell the schools down; write essays on temperance and cruelty to animals. He remembered the little girl, Kate Robey, who strolled with him along the river banks, and how she told him he was a fool when he told her, with their bare feet dangling in the water, that the earth and not the sun went down out of sight once in every twenty-four hours. The last thing he remembered doing before leaving the old Kentucky farm was dropping pumpkin seeds in the big seven-acre lot where the big boys dropped the corn—two seeds in every other hill—and that night came the big freshet which washed the corn, the pumpkin seed and the soil down to the foot of the hill.

The old mill where little Abe used to take the grist on horseback is still standing. And how we would like to see the water-soaked copy of Weems' Life of Washington which was spoiled by the rain beating in between the logs, which "Abe" redeemed by three days' work husking corn, for the man from whom he had borrowed the book. The old copy book is still somewhere in which the boy wrote:

"Abraham Lincoln,
His hand and pen;
He will be good,
But God knows when."

And the signature, "A. Lincoln," on that copy book leaf looks strangely familiar to those acquainted with the oft-copied autograph of the great President.

Before Abraham Lincoln, the boy, moved to Indiana, he helped build the flat-boat that under his steering carried a pioneer cargo to the market of New Orleans, then he drove the four-ox team from Indiana to the new home in Illinois. There the boy became the great rail-splitter, fitted himself for the position of county surveyor by a few weeks of strenuous application to the toughest book on surveying he could find. He dropped his law studies that he might master his Euclid and realize the full meaning of "demonstration." It was the boy Lincoln that was elected Captain of the militia called out by the State of Illinois to meet Blackhawk's army.

The childhood story of Abraham Lincoln tempts us to tell how he learned to love his own children; how he enjoyed the pranks of the mischievous little Tad whose stuttering gaiety often filled the otherwise sad halls of the White House with laughter; how he mourned the death of his little Willie, and how his heart was ever tender towards suffering children. It was the son of Nancy Hanks remembering her dying blessing that gave standing orders to the guard at the White House never under any conditions to shut the doors of the White House at night against anyone with a life saving petition. "It was the baby that did it, ma'am," said faithful Daniel, the White House guard, when a woman with a child in her arms went out with the father's reprieve in her hand. Whatever is neglected in the story of Abraham Lincoln, never let it be forgotten that he was the Prince of Pardoners.

In that Kentucky home was born a child that grew up to preach this effective sermon to his own and other children, as reported by a contemporary biographer:

"DON'T DRINK, DON'T SMOKE, DON'T CHEW, DON'T SWEAR, DON'T GAMBLE, DON'T LIE, DON'T CHEAT; LOVE YOUR FELLOW-MEN AS WELL AS GOD; LOVE TRUTH, LOVE VIRTUE, AND BE HAPPY!"

It is true the boy wore buckskin breeches and coon skin caps and often went barefooted. Of him his Uncle John Hanks said:

"At fourteen years of age Abe and I grubbed, ploughed, mowed, and worked together, barefooted, in the field, but as soon as we would go to the house he would go to the cupboard, snatch a piece of corn bread and then a book and he would fall to reading."

Said one of the men for whom this boy "worked out":

"He was always reading and thinking, and I used to get mad at him for it. He would laugh, talk and crack his jokes all the time. He did not love work half as much as pay. I say he was awful lazy. He said to me one day that his father taught him to work but never taught him to love it."

Poor boss! not poor boy; the employer and not the employe was lazy. His torpid mind could not detect the tireless working of that fresh and vigorous brain.

"You like Abraham Lincoln?" I said to the little girls, who sobbed over the story of the "Sad Humanist of the Sangamon," as I told it to an audience of school children in Streator some years ago. "No," she said, with the tears starting anew, "I love Mr. Lincoln."

He was a man not to like but to love. How could it be otherwise? A man of whom it has been said, "His heart was large enough to hold the world but there was no room in it to hold the memory of a wrong."

So it will be a privilege and a joy and an enthusiasm for the school children of the United States to pour in the nickels that will make them shareholders in this great estate,—"The splendid farm, which, as Mark Twain puts it, "grew a man!" They will love to save and to hold this landmark of the heart and to make it indeed a sacred American shrine, tenderly guarded, thoughtfully equipped, lovingly visited.

For the coming generations Mount Vernon, the home of Washington, the Father of his Country, Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson, the founder of American democracy, and the Hodginville farm, the birthplace of the author of the Emancipation Proclamation, will become civic temple places that will increasingly represent the political sanctities, which will forever rebuke selfishness in politics, snobbishness in social life, greed in business, affectation in culture and hypocrisy in religion.

This re-emphasis of the sanctity of one of our spiritual landmarks will help us mightily to appreciate the uncatalogued wealth, the intangible fortunes, the unspeakable value of the spiritual landmarks everywhere and always. The preserving of the Lincoln farm makes more secure the traditions that gather around the streets, the sites of early triumphs and struggles in the history of churches and schools everywhere.

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?

REV. C. A. OSBORNE, Field Secretary

To whom all contributions for this Department should be sent.

The Fundamental Verities

Dear Brother Osborne:—As one reader I want to express my approval of the excellent spirit of your contributions from week to week. If you can spare some of your valuable space I would like very much to have a question answered.

Your correspondent of the Tri-Church Council at Dayton says the reference to Christ was "our Divine Saviour and Lord." You speak of this statement of faith adopted as "setting forth the fundamental verities and ignoring the debatable doctrines."

It seems to me, when the great German scholars are not united in their opinion of the nature of Christ, that it is still a debatable doctrine; at least there is much debate over it. The beautiful life of Christ is almost universally accepted, but certainly the New Testament teaches his humanity, and certainly there are passages inferring and teaching his superhumanity. The Bible having been erroneously considered one book, instead of a library of sacred books, has led, in my opinion, to the doctrine in orthodox theology of the God-man —a contradiction.

I have my belief concerning the nature of Christ, which appears to be the truth to me; you have your convictions, which are dear to you. Probably it is natural for us both to believe we have the fundamental verities. But if a considerable portion of my brethren differ from me must I not allow that even my "fundamental verity" is "debatable?"

Wishing you success in your great work.

CARLYLE SUMMERBELL.

The words quoted may be interpreted as expressing the deity of Christ, but we feel sure they would be accepted by very many thinkers, such as Dr. Lyman Abbott for example, who do not believe in the identification of Christ with God, who do not regard the word deity as applicable to Christ. Edward Everett Hale, we suppose, would accept the divinity of Christ, would agree that Christ was and is a saviour of men. That does not mean that he would accept the older doctrine of the atonement, but that he would agree that, for instance, Phillips Brooks was a saviour of men and was also a divine man; that he was a high priest, too, who ministered between men and God—until he could bring them into fellowship with God. Now how Christ differed from Bishop Brooks is a debatable question, but that both were divine and both were saviours seems to us pretty generally accepted. We do not feel that the Dayton creed is likely to arouse much theological controversy, for it is cast in a universal mold. Its primary contentions do not define the nature of Christ nor outline a theological system. We think it can be pretty generally accepted, and in any case its form and expressed purpose is irenic not dogmatic. It should be used as an expression of spiritual truth, not as a theological statement. C. A. O.

A Dignified and Fruitful Washington Pastorate

BY HON. DAVID J. BREWER, *Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court.*

The resignation of Dr. Stephen M. Newman, pastor for over half its life of the First Congregational Church, in Washington, the largest and most influential church of the denomination south of Mason and Dixon's Line, calls for more than a passing notice.

When Dr. Newman came to it there were only about five hundred present and acting members. Now there are a thousand. And the church stands high among the powers that make for righteousness in Washington. This growth is significant because its building is in the business section and distant from the residences of its members. Probably not forty of them live within half a mile of it. Equally significant is it that its auditorium, though one of the largest in the city, is substantially filled both morning and evening. The problem of an evening service for a down-town church has been solved.

These things indicate power in the man. As a preacher Dr. Newman uses neither manuscript nor notes, yet he knows when to stop. Twenty-five minutes is the sermon's limit. He does not load his sermons with many matters, connected or disconnected, but taking one or two thoughts presses them on his hearers. High ideals of Christian manhood and womanhood are lifted up, and those ideals which life to-day most imperatively demands. There is neither extravagant eulogy nor terrible philippic, but a dignified, thoughtful presentation of living, eternal truth.

To those who have listened to him for years there has been manifested an ever-growing spirituality. He is looking further and further behind the veil. Material splendors are seen, but they are only the trailing clouds of glory attending the divine footsteps. In every experience of the soul he sees not the mere workings of material forces, but the touch of an undying spirit, and emphasizes the truth, of which so many are but dimly conscious, that we are the sons and daughters of God.

He has always been a greater reader, is familiar with the best literature, and makes abundant use of it, especially for attractive Sunday evening talks, some on historical subjects, some on the great poets and the great poems. In connection with these talks he avails himself of the stereopticon, not for spectacular purposes, but to illustrate historical facts, events in the lives of the poets and the thoughts of their poems. And these evening talks are not mere lectures, but sermons.

Though at times urged to take charge of such educational institutions as Marietta College, Ohio, and the theological seminary, Atlanta, Ga., he has never given up that, which from early youth he longed for and has lived for, the preaching of the gospel of Christ. While his large work has been with the church he has not forgotten that he is a man and a citizen. He has been for years a helpful and valued member of the Associated Charities, the Civic Center and of several literary and scientific societies, both local and national.

As a man, for in the pulpit as elsewhere the man behind the gun counts, he is dignified, but not austere; thoughtful but not solemn. With none of the gush and demonstration of the hail fellow well met he is easy of approach, genial, appreciative of humor and not averse to story or joke, a welcome companion in social circles. Keenly sensitive to the deepest wants of the soul, his presence and words have been especially comforting in times of sorrow and death, and he has made himself very dear to many by reason thereof.

While ill health compels him to give up the large burden of this church, he has reason to hope that a period of rest will enable him to return to his life work, that of preaching the gospel. Sadly the church accepted his resignation and by unanimous vote passed resolutions which, after expressing regret at the reasons therefor, added, "It is due to ourselves as well as to him that we put on record with our acceptance of his resignation our high appreciation of the marked fidelity, ability and success of his ministry."

Tolerant of differences of opinion he has never been careless about essential truths, and has never in deed or word failed to affirm, "In the Cross of Christ I glory."

While never forgetting that his chief work was in this church he has taken large part in the charities, the educational and other efforts in this city for a better civic life. Keeping in touch with and holding an honored place in the great Congregational benevolent and missionary organizations he has striven to enlist our sympathies and efforts in them, and in this, as in other respects, he has been greatly aided by the unwearied labor of his devoted wife.

As we say good-by, we assure him that his work has not been in vain, and trust that he may long live to see as the fruit of his service a more complete devotion of this church and its members to the work of redeeming men from the moral ills that beset us all.—From the *Congregationalist*, Feb. 17,

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

Quaker Redemption. The Legislature of Pennsylvania has adjourned leaving the most remarkable record in its history and perhaps in the history of any similar commonwealth. Rarely, if ever, has there been an instance of so great a moral and political revolution as has taken place in Pennsylvania in the past twelve months. Not only Mayor Weaver but Governor Pennypacker rejoices and deserves ardent praise. The former states: "The people have triumphed; their voice has decreed legislation in the halls at Harrisburg and no boss has dictated; now the people are prepared to enter upon the enjoyment of their own triumphs. A regenerated Philadelphia is at hand." A primary election law has been put upon the statute books, a new and adequate registration law was passed, office holders are prohibited from political or partisan activities, civil service is required, the fee system is abolished and minor laws passed which undoubtedly open "tremendous possibilities for municipal improvement"; and this in a state which a year ago was justly receiving the wholesale condemnation of the better class of citizens. Surely the possibilities of democracy have not yet been realized.

Affairs in China. The situation in China is undoubtedly complicated and possibly the danger is greater than appeared to us last week. If the press reports are to be relied upon, ex-Minister Conger, who was in Pekin during the Boxer uprising, but is now in Los Angeles, Cal., asserts that all signs point to a great uprising in China, beside which the Boxer revolution will seem a very tame affair. He advises that missionaries and other foreigners keep near to lines of transit, and that warships be at once sent to Chinese waters, both to overawe the rioters and provide a way of escape against a day of need. From another source we are definitely informed that both England and the United States, acting under the advice of Japan, who has had special opportunities of observing the inner status of the situation, are strengthening their military forces, convinced that an exceedingly dangerous anti-foreign uprising which will involve the whole nation, is likely to come at any time. On the other hand, the Washington *Post* (February 17) quotes the Chinese minister as saying the political agitation is being made for the purpose of creating international complications, with a view to crippling or destroying the present dynasty, "but," says Sir Chentung Liang Chang, "my government is amply prepared to meet any emergency. A small party of discontents is striving desperately to start a revolution but the movement would not be strong or dangerous." Cables from missionaries in various quarters of China tend to allay our fears, but it must be admitted the situation is dangerous.

The White House Wedding. The event of the week—according to the space given it by the papers—was the White House wedding. We are glad to read and to believe that it was the desire, not only of Miss Roosevelt, but of the President and Mrs. Roosevelt, that the wedding should be comparatively quiet, a family affair, but this it was soon discovered could not be gratified; as finally developed, it was the most imposing function of the present administration as well as the most elaborate wedding that ever took place in the White House. One thousand invited guests, included the most distinguished people in Washington, if not in the country, and very many of the foreign diplomats, as well as officials of national reputation. While the papers have been filled with descriptions of countless elaborate gifts, coming from all over the world, it is refreshing to read that the President discouraged all official gifts and definitely announced that no list would ever be furnished for publication. In the face of this announcement, cordially approved by all friends of the families, the continuous and detailed descriptions of various gifts do not tend to increase our confidence in the accuracy of the press of the country. What law can free us from the tyranny of the reporter who earns his salary by his fertile imagination without knowledge of or regard for the facts in the case or the personalities involved?

Submarine Signals. The stranding of the steamship "Devonian" the other morning at Scituate revealed the fact that she was not equipped with apparatus for receiving the submarine signals sent out from the government lightship anchored in Massachusetts bay. It is a fact that another steamship, the "Ivernia," approaching on the same course three weeks ago, heard the submarine bell on this lightship and was able to locate her exact bearings when she was several miles distant, and very likely avoided a wreck thereby. It is fitting that insurance interests have taken note of this and protested, but when will we come to give consideration to human life as well as to dollars and cents? It is authoritatively stated that "scientific investigation has found this system of sending sound waves through the water, one that can be trusted, and it seems high time that underwriters and owners of vessels should insist upon the adoption of a system that is commended by the principal lighthouse boards of the world." Nothing but greed and lack of regard for human life has prevented its universal adoption.

Farmers Can Raise Fuel. Apropos of the coal situation, which is just now being discussed in the conference in New York City, where it will be decided whether five hundred thousand miners shall go on strike April 1 and inaugurate the most serious coal problem in our national history, it is interesting to read Secretary Wilson's report on the condition of this country. He notes that forests are disappearing, mineral oils and natural gas and coal stored in the mines will soon be exhausted and "eventually the world will be compelled to look to agriculture for its fuel, light and motive power." Secretary Wilson asserts that "through the medium of alcohol agriculture can furnish in the most convenient form the necessary source of supplies." There is little limit on the quantity of alcohol that may be produced from potatoes, sugar beets and corn stalks. At the time corn is ripe, the stalks contain a large quantity of starch that could very easily be utilized for the manufacture of alcohol. Ten tons of stalks is frequently raised on an acre of corn ground and will yield one hundred and seventy gallons of alcohol. About one hundred million acres of corn are raised in this country annually. From the present average yield of potatoes to the acre, in which quality and not quantity is largely sought, about two hundred and fifty gallons of alcohol can be manufactured, and it would be within bounds to say that the heavy yielders belonging to "Rural New Yorker" varieties, could easily be made to produce five hundred gallons of alcohol to the acre. Perhaps some day the mad rush of the farmer's boy and girl to the city, with its consequent loss of physical and moral stamina, will be checked and the farm will be rediscovered as the source of diviner blessings than humanity has yet realized.

The Right of Self Defense. Former Chicago Chief of Police Washburne has recently expressed doubts concerning the wisdom of prohibiting the carrying of concealed weapons. He said good citizens will obey this law but criminals never, and he is doubtless thinking that in the present wave of crime, men and women too have a right to defend themselves when officers of the law are not in evidence. The conclusion may be justifiable and the disposition of men to shoot the miscreants who attack unprotected women, somewhat defensible, but we are fully convinced that the remedy is not to be found in this return to the border ruffian days, but rather in the uprising of good citizens to demand the proper enforcement of law. Not only the criminals are guilty, but those also who are responsible for the laxness of civic officials and the council, too, that refuses to provide an adequate number of policemen to enforce the laws.

The Saloons Victorious. In one of the most exciting sessions of the Council that has occurred in years, the effort to increase the license fee to $1,000, so as to increase the number of policemen by one thousand, was defeated last week. The lobbies of the Council chamber were packed with citizens sympathizing with one or the other side in the controversy, but the final vote stood thirty-two for and thirty-six against. We are told the end is not yet, but we fear that righteousness has little show for triumph in the present Council.

A Temperance Experiment. South Carolina's interesting State Liquor Dispensary has at last proved the hopes and prophecies of its enthusiasts entirely unjustified. It was believed that if the state took charge of the liquor business and only pure liquors were sold, and that at reasonable prices in the original packages, not to be drunk on the premises, the ordinary course of intemperance would be overcome. This has not proved to be the case and this unique experiment will soon be merely a record of history.

Chicago's Charter Constitutional. The Supreme Court of Illinois has just rendered a favorable opinion upon the new Chicago charter and that instrument will very soon be put into practical operation. It is believed that very many advantages will result making for the improvement in the physical and moral well being of the city. The Mayor's term is extended to four years, the office of city attorney is abol-

ished, the abolition of the Justice Court system, which has been a menace to justice and righteousness, will be followed by the establishment of municipal courts and the creation of twenty-eight new judgships. These and various other reforms are believed to be a certainty now that legal battle has been ended. "Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small." We have faith to believe that though democracy is yet an untried experiment, there are streaks up the eastern sky and a new day is at the dawning, which will be characterized by a social conscience and an awakened public sentiment that are attributes of true democracy.

The Rate Bill in the Senate. An interesting feature of the Senate discussion was the address of Senator Lodge, often called the "Fidus Achates" of President Roosevelt, in which he virtually asserted that the latter was willing to agree to some compromise. The address was an able one and received great attention, particularly as it was supposed he spoke with the authority of the President, but the latter very promptly and characteristically repeated his previous declarations concerning his loyalty to the Hepburn bill. It appears that no man has more friends than President Roosevelt and no one is more loyal to his friends than he, but in the matter of principle neither Senator Lodge nor Jacob Riis is authorized to change the convictions or the declarations of the man in the White House. The secret of President Roosevelt's unbounded popularity lies in this absolute sincerity and unwavering loyalty to his convictions of right and duty.

A Crisis in Russia. It appears that a desperate struggle is taking place in Russia between the reactionary and progressive forces and that a crisis is at hand which will result in the resignation either of Premier Witte and his supporters in the cabinet, or of Minister of the Interior Durnovo, and other champions of thorough-going repression. Rumor has it that Count Witte has bluntly informed Emperor Nicholas that he must choose between him and Minister Durnovo, and there seems reason to believe that the friends of the beaurocracy are making a last final effort to overthrow the Premier and the reforms inaugurated.

The Public Health Threatened. The Chicago Medical Society, at its recent meeting, called attention to the disregard of public health and asserted that the State Pure Food Commission was another case of political graft and incompetency. The city health department is under civil service law (as the state is not) and Dr. Whalen urges an ordinance to compel dealers to properly dress meat and attach a dated label before same is put in cold storage. A recent law suit in Pennsylvania developed the fact that some fish had been in storage fifty-two months before being sold. In Chicago most of the feathers are scalded from poultry, but no more dressing is permitted, and with rabbits and other game not even this is done, before being put in cold storage. Some weeks or months later, toothsome dishes are prepared from this carefully preserved food! Dr. Whalen's ordinance would seem to be desirable. As an evidence of what is accomplished, the report of the Chicago Health Department shows that within the loop district last week 4,920 pounds of meat, including beef, pork, mutton and poultry, were condemned as too decayed for food, and in all Chicago 16,245 pounds of fish were condemned. At a banquet in a popular resort recently the writer was served poultry that evidently ought to have been condemned and how much meat unfit for food is actually served upon our tables? See editorial comment elsewhere. C. A. O.

A Charge

God guard the little children
In dens of vice and sin,
Where innocent and guileless
The evil deeds begin.

God bless the little children
To want and hunger born,
In life's beginnings hindered,
In babyhood forlorn.

God save the little children
Where mammon's curses be,
Where pride but merits pity,
And wealth is poverty.

In haunts of want and evil,
In homes of luxury—
God help the little children
O heedless folk, through thee!

MARION MURDOCK.

THE HOME

Helps to High Living

SUN.—It will be worthy of a free, enlightened and at no distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence.

MON.—In preparation as the structure of government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.

TUES.—Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indisputable supports.

WED.—The very idea of the power and the right of the people to establish government, presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established government.

THURS.—The name of American, which belongs to you in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism more than any appellation derived from local discriminations.

FRI.—Can it be that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtue?

SAT.—Let it simply be asked where is the security for property, for reputation, for life if the sense of religious obligation *desert* the oaths which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice?

—*From Washington's Farewell Address.*

Upon the Hearth

A tree will prove a blessing all life long;
From birth to death it brings us naught but good;
The shade will make a pleasant solitude
For one who lies and dreams the grass among.
What golden globes upon the limbs are hung
In Summer! And, when dead, the burning wood
Will foster sweetness in the poet's mood,
Hum on his hearth, and help his sylvan song.
Its death is like the day's for still it throws
A lingering light roseate around our rooms.
As slow the fire its last of life consumes;
Then sinks to embers, like the sunset snows,
And, dying, even in its ashes glows
With bright remembrance of the springtime blooms.

—*From "Collected Sonnets" of Lloyd Mifflin.*

A Description of George Washington

The personal appearance of our commander-in-chief is that of a perfect gentleman and accomplished warrior.

He is remarkably tall,—full six feet,—erect and well-proportioned. The strength and proportion of his joints and muscles appear to be commensurate with the pre-eminent powers of his mind. The severity of his countenance, and majestic gracefulness of his deportment, impart a strong impression of that dignity and grandeur which are peculiar characteristics, and no one can stand in his presence without feeling the ascendency of his mind, and associating with his countenance the idea of wisdom, philanthropy, magnaminity and patriotism. There is a fine symmetry in the features of his face indicative of a benign and dignified spirit. His nose is straight, and his eyes inclined to blue. He wears his hair in a becoming cue, and from his forehead it is turned back, and powdered in a manner which adds to the military air of his appearance. He displays a native gravity, but devoid of all appearance of ostentation.

His uniform dress is a blue coat with two brilliant epaulets, buff-colored under clothes, and a three-cornered hat with a black cockade. He is constantly equipped with an elegant small sword, boots and spurs, in readiness to mount his noble charger.—*From the Military Journal of James Thatcher, a surgeon in the Revolution.*

UNITY

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY
ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE
Entered at Chicago, Ill., Postoffice as Second Class Matter
$2.00 PER ANNUM

EDITORS: JENKIN LLOYD JONES, WILLIAM KENT.
ASSISTANT EDITOR: EDITH LACKERSTEEN.
DEPARTMENT EDITORS: CYRUS A. OSBORNE, MRS. WM. KENT.
EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

Jane Addams	John Faville	Frederick Starr
Wilson M. Backus	Fred W. Hawley	Joseph Stolz
Richard W. Boynton	Chas. R. Henderson	Hiram W. Thomas
Fred'k W. Burlingham	Emil Hirsch	Willard B. Thorp
Francis A. Christie	Newton Mann	Oscar L. Triggs
Joseph H. Crooker	E. P. Powell	E. P. Tuller
Robert C. Denison	Granville Ross Pike	Eugene G. Updike
Fred'ck E. Dewhurst	Albion W. Small	R. A. White

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

AN OLD FRIEND IN NEW GUISE.—With the new year the Union for Moral Action, whose Bulletin made its appearance semi-monthly at UNITY headquarters, has undergone a transformation. The little publication, which formerly bore only the name of the society: *Union pure l'action morale,* and whose contents seldom seemed like "milk for babes," has become *Petit bulletin pour nos enfants,* with a symbolical vignette on the cover, two pairs of hands holding aloft a torch and below: *Union pour la vérité.*

The editorial salutatory thus comments on the change:

"What does it mean? In changing words have we altered things? Will the Little Bulletin give and ask for something different from what it has during its eight years of previous existence? Not at all, friends; it hopes to be more than ever the comrade in life's road, who calls attention to the beauties of the way as well as to the briars that may entangle, who tells a story or sings a song to entertain or to cheer, who shows the hights to be reached and the great brothers who have preceded us on the way.

"But, you may ask, if nothing is changed, if the spirit and aim of the Bulletin remain the same, why change the name? For this reason: The Union for Moral Action has been in existence thirteen years. During that time it has developed. If it had not, if its members had learned nothing in thirteen years and by experience, had accepted no new ideas, the Union would be dead. It is not dead, it is living. Its desire is still, as at the beginning, to serve the *good.* But to serve the good is primarily to live for and by the *true.* Well-disposed people are really not exceptional; there are many people who desire the good of others, who seek to be of service to them, to contribute, in one way or another, to their well-being, their happiness and also to their instruction and their moral progress. There are those, indeed, who gladly sacrifice themselves for their neighbor, giving their time, their labor, their health, their life even, and that is beautiful and needful. Others there are who have an ardent longing to labor not only for the good of others, but for self-improvement, and who strive to perfect themselves more and more. This, too, is admirable and necessary. And, since individual wills, scattered and isolated, are often very impotent, feeble and easily discouraged because their efforts and sacrifices seem useless, they seek to reinforce one another and unite for mutual support. So the Union for Moral Action came into being, and if today it renounces this name and chooses to be called Union for the Truth (*Union pour la vérité*), it is because it perceives that the very highest moral action is to desire above all, and to serve through all, the truth. To do the good is often very difficult, even for many wills united, and it often happens that wishing to do good one yet does evil, because one is not in the true way. This is why speaking the true, serving the true, has become the chief aim of the Union and it takes the name *Union pour la vérité.*

"For the discussion of the great questions which occupy the attention of men, and often divide them, because obscure and ill understood, friends of the Union a year ago instituted the *Libres Entretiens,* where the most diverse opinions may be expressed and where light is welcomed from any quarter. By together coming as near to the truth as we can, we effectively aid one another by rendering ourselves capable of right action. This is the meaning of the vignette on our cover. The flambeau raised high in air is not a torch brandished by violent hands, but a clear, calm light held aloft by the purposeful effort of many hands, strong or feeble, and it enlightens not merely those who hold it, but shines far abroad."

Aside from the editorial, this new year number of the Petit Bulletin contains a very interesting article, "Voltaire et Calas," which in its way seems like a forerunner of the Dreyfuss case, and shows a more humane and serious side to Voltaire than many things one reads of him. Jean Calas was a French Huguenot put to death on the wheel at Toulouse on the charge of having strangled his son to prevent his turning Catholic. Voltaire, when he heard of it, declared the crime improbable, but on the other hand, it seemed even more improbable that disinterested judges could have inflicted on an innocent man so terrible a sentence.

The more Voltaire thought over it the more the horror grew upon him and gave him no peace. Unsuccessful in his efforts to move court or clergy to an investigation, he finally set himself to discover and publish the facts. He found that Jean Calas, though a Huguenot, was far from intolerant. That he had one son who had become a Catholic, and that an old Catholic servant in the family, who had had much to do with this son's conversion, was not even dropped on that account. The son he was supposed to have murdered, on the contrary, not only had no idea of turning Catholic, but was in fact kept out of the calling he would have chosen, that of the law, because adherence to catholicism was necessary to enter it. This son, a scholarly fellow, with no taste for a business life, was a reader of the classics and familiar with ancient arguments in justification of self-destruction, but no one dreamed he had really any suicidal intent till he was one evening found hanging dead in the shop.

The noisy lamentations of the family on learning this drew a crowd and eventually the authorities of the place, who took the whole family in charge and from the first acted on the supposition that they were guilty of the death of their son. The charge rested on nothing more than local, unverified gossip. In the court of inquiry not a witness for the defense was allowed to testify, and even protesting judges were silenced. The unfortunate father was tortured and put to death in March, 1762, protesting to the last his innocence. His remaining Protestant son was sent to a Dominican monastery, from which he later managed to escape. The daughters were placed in a convent.

The first of March, 1765, Voltaire writes to Damilaville: "I have done in this horrible affair only what all men do, followed my inclination. That of a philosopher is not to lament over the unfortunate but to serve them."

Already in 1762 he had written to the Cardinal de Berino: "You ask why I am concerning myself with this trial. Simply because no one else has done so."

He did it so effectively that the 28th of February, 1765, after five successive trials and almost three years to a day from the iniquitous torture and death of an innocent man, the widow and children of Calas were set at liberty, the memory of the dead man was cleared, the parliament of Toulouse being ordered to cancel in its records the sentence of death pronounced against him and to write the degree of rehabilitation in the margin.

Though there were not wanting persons who openly declared that it was better to put an innocent old Calvinist to the wheel than to compel eight councilors of Languedoc to admit that they had been mistaken, Voltaire had won. In Paris there was an enthusiastic demonstration and Voltaire himself received the news at Ferney with tears of joy.

Some years later, in 1778, Voltaire visited Paris. As the crowd pressed about him on the Pont Royal, some one asked a woman of the people, Who is this man they are acclaiming? Do you not know, said she, that it is the savior of the Calas?

The little magazine closes with a chapter from Charles Kingsley's "Water Babies," Tom's adventure with Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-did.

M. E. H.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

WANTED—A young minister to assist Alfred W. Martin, minister of the Free Church, Tacoma and Seattle. Address "The Summit," Seattle, Wash.

David Swing

I am studying the life of Prof. David Swing, and if any reader of UNITY has letters or reminiscences of Prof. Swing, and will let me see them, I shall be very grateful. All letters or documents will be returned in good order.

JOSEPH NEWTON,
People's Church, Dixon, Ill.

The Tobey Furniture Co.

96 to 104 Wabash Avenue . . . Chicago

At $37.50 we show the best value we know of in a Leather Turkish Rocker. It is well upholstered, covered in our standard quality of leather, has leather fringe and the celebrated Harrington springs.

In upholstered Leather Furniture we show the largest variety in America—and at a wonderful range of prices. Each piece is guaranteed to be of the best quality obtainable at the price. They make acceptable Christmas gifts.

Following are a few examples:

The "Arlington" Sofa, Leather, all hair, hand-buffed, our own make. $190.00

Mahogany Davenport Sofa, our own make. Leather. $120.00

Fine Leather Couch with Leather Pillow....$100.00

Fine Leather Couch with Harrington Spring..$80.00

Turkish Rocker, Leather, Harrington Spring..$79.00

Turkish Rocker, Leather, Harrington Spring..$41.00

Turkish Rocker, Leather, Harrington Spring..$37.00

Leather Couch.....$28.50

Genuine English Morocco Chair, the "Admiral Nelson" $175.00

The "Regent"....$100.00

The "Anglesea"...$90.00

Turkish Rocker, our own make, all hair, Harrington Spring.....$100.00

Mahogany "Sleepy Hollow" Rocker, Leather. $35.00

Golden Oak, "Sleepy Hollow" Rocker, Leather. $26.00

Morris Chair, Weathered Oak, genuine leather cushions, complete.....$20.00

For Other Prices Write Us Your Wants

A New Plan

Our readers will discover in another column the advertisement of a Chicago firm which proposes to bring comfort and peace of mind to the busy housewives among the friends of UNITY all over the country. It has been customary for mail order houses to sell all kinds of merchandise from needles and thread to steam engines and threshing machines; but never before, we think, has a business house of reputation and ability offered to clean and color the daintiest fabrics for any household in the country, both gathering them and returning them in safety to their doors, through the medium of the express and mail. This enterprising firm has embarked upon this new plan believing that its secret and very successful process will enable it to serve distant customers in cleaning and dyeing and renewing costly garments with the same success that has characterized its service in its local trade. See advertisement elsewhere of Shuman & Co.

Ridgefarm ill
Feb. 12, 1906.

Mr Jenkin Lloyd Jones.
Dear sir.
I am a little school boy 8 years old, I am in the fourth grade. I see in the Chicago daily tibune that I can join the Lincoln league for 5 cents, so I wish to become a member of the league. You will find inclosed 5 cents for my member ship. Hoping this will be satisfactory I remain yours as a school boy.
Walter E Jones.

THE JEFFERSON BIBLE

BY

THOMAS JEFFERSON

BEING

"The Life and Morals of Jesus of Nazareth"

COMPILED BY THE THIRD PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

THIS RARE BOOK is a monument to the painstaking energy and religious zeal of Thomas Jefferson. The priceless original volume, its pages worn and stained with age, is carefully preserved in the National Museum at Washington, but an accurate reproduction of the original was ordered by the U. S. Government from the plates thus made a limited number of copies have been printed and are now obtainable at exceptional figures. The work includes a harmony of the four gospels in English, Latin, French and Greek, and is beautifully printed and handsomely bound. Originally sold at $5.00 a volume, the publishers offer a few remaining volumes to the readers of UNITY at 60% discount, or $2.00, net, if ordered at once.

MANZ ENGRAVING CO.

195 Canal Street, Chicago

[Engravers and Electrotypers for UNITY]

Second-Hand Hammond Typewriter

Good as new and recently from the factory at SPECIAL BARGAIN. Also a fine electric STEREOPTICON AT HALF PRICE.

ADV. MANAGER UNITY, Abraham Lincoln Center, Chicago

Lincoln Farm Association

UNITY PUBLISHING Company,
Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago.

Enclosed find $_____ as my contribution to the Lincoln Farm Association. Please send membership ticket to

Name _____

Town or City _____

Street and No. _____ *State* _____

If you wish more subscription blanks to circulate state how many _____

Double daily train service to New Orleans. Send for a free descriptive booklet.

Connects with Southern Pacific Steamship leaving every Wednesday afternoon for Havana. Send for free illustrated folder on Cuba.

Through tickets, rates, etc., of I. C. R. R. agents and those of connecting lines.

A. H. HANSON, PASS. TRAFFIC MGR., CHICAGO.
S. G. HATCH, GENERAL PASS. AGENT, CHICAGO.

Bowman Dairy Company

MILK BOTTLED IN THE COUNTRY

Finest Cream Butter Churned Daily
Choicest Buttermilk

So. Side:
4221-29 State Street

CHICAGO EVANSTON OAK PARK

WE DYE and clean BY MAIL

SEND US your costliest Silks, Satins, Furs, Laces, Suits and Overcoats to ***clean*** and ***dye.*** We will return them as good as new. All by our ***own*** and secret process.

Send for Booklet A.—Free.

Bank reference furnished.

SCHUMAN & COMPANY
3954 Cottage Grove Ave.
CHICAGO, ILL.

California Trains

THREE FAST TRAINS
leave Chicago daily for the Pacific Coast, via the Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Line, over the only double track railway between Chicago and the Missouri River.

The Overland Limited

The pioneer fast through electric-lighted train to San Francisco and Portland daily. The most luxurious train in the world. Less than three days en route.

The New Los Angeles Limited

Electric-lighted, daily through train arriving at Los Angeles afternoon of the third day, via the new Salt Lake Route. Entire new equipment. Drawing-Room and Tourist Sleeping cars, Composite-Observation cars, Dining cars.

The California Express

Daily to San Francisco, Los Angeles and Portland, through without change. Pullman Drawing-Room and Tourist Sleeping cars, Free Reclining Chair cars.

The Best of Everything.

All agents sell tickets via this Line.

Write for booklets, maps, schedules, rates, list of hotels, and description of limited trains.

W. B. KNISKERN, P. T. M,
Chicago & North-Western Ry.
CHICAGO.

THE NORTH-WESTERN LINE
UNION PACIFIC THE OVERLAND ROUTE
SALT LAKE ROUTE

CL 262

HAND SAPOLIO

FOR TOILET AND BATH

Delicate enough for the softest skin, and yet efficacious in removing any stain. Keeps the skin in perfect condition. In the bath gives all the desirable after-effects of a Turkish bath. It should be on every wash-stand

ALL GROCERS AND DRUGGISTS

Some advertisements are crowded out this week. Will appear in next issue.

RECREATION

means "made new"

You get re-creation at

French Lick and West Baden Springs

The Waters are famed for healing.

There are hunting, fishing, horse-back riding, all natural sports and healthful amusements—golf, tennis, etc.,—and the finest of Hotels, new and modern, with bath for every room; splendid table and service.

Get the Booklet and read about it.

CHAS. H. ROCKWELL, Traffic Manager. FRANK J. REED, Gen'l Pass. Agent.
CHICAGO

MONON ROUTE

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists